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NOT LIKE OTHER MEN.

She: PAPA'S CHIEF OBJECTION IS THAT WE COULD HARDLY GET ALONG ON YOUR SMALL SALARY.

He: BUT I HAVE A SPLENDID DIGESTION, AND AM PERFECTLY WILLING YOU SHOULD DO THE COOKING.

· LIFE ·

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(Exclusively.)



WHITING M'F'G Co.

Silversmiths,

Broadway & 18th St.,

NEW YORK.

WE MAKE SOLID SILVER ONLY,
OF STERLING QUALITY ⁹⁹⁹/₁₀₀₀ FINE;
EVERY ARTICLE BEARING
OUR TRADE-MARK.
THEREFORE PURCHASERS
SECURE ENTIRE FREEDOM
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Private European Parties.

(EIGHTH SEASON.)

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is printed on the label and case, and our firm name is on the case, cork, capsule and label. Many counterfeits are offered.

Every barrel of rye whiskey made at this distillery for the past 23 years has been sold and delivered to us.

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Train's "RESERVE STOCK" R. O. B. Glenlivet Scotch Whiskey, bottled in Glasgow; very old and choice.

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Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

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SUCCESSORS TO A.T. STEWART & Co.

BROADWAY
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FOURTH AVE.

A BUSINESS GROWS

only as it deserves to grow. Now and then one might buy out of friendship—but he would soon get tired of it.

Watch the crowds that come here, get their experience, get their thoughts. You'll then stop wondering at all this activity.

SILKS.

Not a day but we're selling twice over as many silks as a year ago. Such a thing doesn't come by chance. There must be deserving or there wouldn't be such persistent response.

It's a great deal to have quality, styles and prices right. It's a great deal more for your peace of mind to have a perfect light to see the goods in. Pick under the clear light of the Rotunda, and you see the shades exactly as they are.

SPRING DRESS GOODS.

Take half an hour, go up and down the long aisles among the heaps of woven beauties. Almost like wandering through windrows of flowers in a summer meadow. And the littleness of the prices is as charmingly surprising as the largeness of the stocks.

Knop Curl novelty—cute twists of surface thread bunches—46 in., top of the style. Odd-est of them all, \$1.50 yd.

Knotty silk French Granite Suitings for the swellest tailor gown. In the dainty katydid green and minor blue. Lumpy, bumpy, button ground, \$1 the yd.

Silk and mohair, silk and wool Crepon, light weight, but strong from the goat hair, handsome and firm, \$2 kind at \$1.50.

Double silk warp Crepon, 25 shades, including evening tints, \$1.25 kind \$1.

Fine English two-toned whipcord and Dublin twist Suitings, 46 and 48 in., \$1.25 and \$1.50 kinds, \$1 and \$1.25 yd.

GROCERIES.

Pretty pictures and a slick name on the outside of a can are well enough—if the inside is up to the mark. How often is it? Our name is on many of the canned goods we sell, our guarantee is behind all of them. Groceries are delivered free within 100 miles of New York.

Belfast Ginger Ale, best quality, made from the famous Cromac Springs water of Ireland, 10c the bottle, \$1.14 the doz., \$5.50 the case of 5 doz.

Turkish Layer Figs, best quality, nothing healthier to eat at this season of the year, 23c the 2 lb. box.

Lunch Tongues best quality; each can contains two small tongues ready for slicing, 29c the can.

Tea, fine quality. There is a big surprise awaiting you in excellent quality, delicate Teas here for little money: 45c the lb., all kinds; elsewhere 80c.

Early June Sifted Peas, fine quality, small size, delicious flavor, full cans, last packing, 13c the can, \$1.50 the doz., \$2.93 the case of 2 doz.

French Peas, extra fine, very small, delicate peas of fine flavor and color, 24c the can, \$2.76 the doz.

New York State Stringless Beans, extra quality, a very small bean, exquisite flavor, fine color, full pack, 14c the can, \$1.60 the doz., \$3.13 the case of 2 doz.

Cream Succotash, finest quality, none better, lima beans and corn properly mixed, 14c the can, \$1.58 the doz., \$3.04 the case of 2 doz.

Baked Beans, best quality, made of meaty beans with a trifle of pork, eat cold or hot, 15c the large can.

Basement, Fourth Avenue.

Stern Bro

direct attention to
Their Latest Imports
of

Ladies' French Lingerie

comprising new and
exclusive effects in

Peignoirs,
Chemises de Nuit,
Cache Corset
Mati

And a choice selection of
Bridal Sets

at
Very Attractive Prices

West 23d St



THE OBEDIENT SITTER.

In Central Park: ALL RIGHT NOW; I SAY, OLD CHAPPIE, LIFT UP YOUR HEAD A LITTLE, AND LOOK PLEASANT.



AND SO.

THE ups and downs that glory knows
Make many a hero sad;
Napoleon was a hero once,
And now he is a fad.

JONES-BROWN: Why do you go
into society?

BROWN-JONES: To find a wife.
And you?

JONES-BROWN: To get away from
one.

GOOD ADVICE TO A TIPPLER.
—"Shake the bottle."

A JUST REBUKE.

YOUNG TUTTER (*drawing closer*): I
hope, Miss Clara, that your father, in the
next room, can't hear what I am saying.

MISS PINKERLY (*with dignity*): I hope,
Mr. Tutter, that you will say nothing to me that
you would not be willing, if necessary, to say to
papa.

HOW SHE KNEW.

HE: I'm going to ask your father to-night.
SHE: I supposed so.

"Why?"

"I see you're not wearing your best trousers."



"While there is Life there's Hope"

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THE Harvard overseers think it best to give Harvard one more chance to play intercollegiate football, and unless the Harvard faculty gets its back up very high there will probably be at least one more Yale-Harvard football game.

That game, when it comes to be played, will probably prove a curiosity of sport. A Harvard graduate who was lately asked what he thought of the interdiction of football replied: "It's too bad. Our men were beginning to get

on to the game, and I think they would have killed those Yale fellows next time." It can be predicted with confidence that there will be no killing of either Yale or Harvard men this year. The first aim of coaches both at Cambridge and New Haven will be to drill their men thoroughly in deportment; what happens to the ball must be a secondary consideration. The primary duty of the players will be to demonstrate that football is an inoffensive sport in which young gentlemen can engage without impropriety. The obligation of winning the game will probably sit lightly on both elevens. What further action the Harvard faculty may take seems not to be of vital moment. They have gained their point already, since they have scared the football men in all the colleges so badly that for some time to come they won't dare to misbehave.

MEANWHILE the game of baseball enjoys uninterrupted prosperity. No one fears it; no one denounces it. It is good to watch, good to play, and men may play it and live. Great it is and glorious. Let us be thankful it is ours.



IT begins to be time that something was done about the sleeves of women's gowns. For the last five years every time the hand of fashion has touched them it has made them bigger. They have come at last to be too big. Fifth Avenue in this

town was never before so crowded on an Easter Sunday as it was this year, the main reason being that only three women in fashionable sleeves could walk abreast on the sidewalk. It is proper that the sleeves of women's gowns should be commodious, and that they should be made of fabrics as costly and beautiful as their wearers can afford. But they ought not to be so enormously obtrusive as they are. There is not room in the world for them; they are in the way; they cost too much, and besides, it is time that the stout women had an innings. The thin women have spread themselves long enough. It is only fair play that a period of contraction should set in and enable the portlier dames to regain the dimensions of human beings.



IT seems proper to remind literary workers that the recent advance in the prices of beef, cotton and oil, entitle them to demand increased compensation for their labors.

Cotton does not enter very seriously into literary production, since the earnest writer only needs enough to protect his hearing apparatus from the din of the surrounding world. Beef is of more importance to him, since though tobacco and coffee form the diet of his preference, those excellent supports buttress his intellectuals more effectively if his system is occasionally refreshed with other and more solid forms of sustenance.

BUT it is the rise in petroleum that affects him most. When the midnight oil in the crude form leaps from one dollar a barrel to two dollars and threatens to climb further, writers are surely justified in demanding such an appreciation of wages as will enable them to do business at a profit. They must keep an eye on the markets, and regulate their charges according to the rise or fall of the staple ingredients of literature.



IF it is true that Mr. Astor suspended the publication of the *Pall Mall Budget* in memory of his wife, that seems not to have been a good reason. If he had bought *The Yellow Book* or *The Saturday Review* or some other obnoxious publication and suspended it as a tribute to his dead wife, that, odd as it seems, would have been a wiser course. People liked the *Budget* and to ordinary common sense it seems fitter that the thought Mrs. Astor gave to it should bear permanent results than that it should perish. But Mr. Astor's ways are not like other men's and ordinary motives do not influence him.



WAR TO THE KNIFE.

The Plain One: SHALL YOU MARRY JACK IF I REFUSE HIM?
 "YES, AND IF YOU ACCEPT HIM."

OUR MEETING.

WE met—'twas in a crowd;
 We ne'er may meet again;
 My heart with grief is bowed—
 He stole my watch and chain!

A QUERY.

IF a man who waits is the waiter,
 What then is the man who waits,
 And waits and waits for the waiter
 To wait on him while he waits?

A CHEMICAL TRAGEDY.

OUR Willie passed away to-day,
 His face we'll see no more;
 What Willie took for H_2O ,
 Proved H_2SO_4 .



JOSHED AGAIN.

Farmer Sassafra: SUFFERIN' BEANS, 'LIZA! EF THET AIN'T ONE O' THEM "LIVIN' PICTERS" YOU AN' ME'S READ ON IN THE NOOZEPAPERS!"

TOO MUCH APPETITE.

JINGLE: Here, you can take back this dog you gave me.
DINGLE: What's the matter with him?

JINGLE: He's eaten his tag. I can't afford to get him a new license.



BAD FOR THE OTHER FELLOW.

"WHY, DINNIS, YEZ HAS BEEN A FOIGHTIN' AGIN. PHWAT A SHTATE YEZ IS IN!"

"AH, BUT YEZ OUGHT TO GAZE UPON THE RIMNANTS OF THE OTHER FELLER. I'M A VANUS ROISIN' FROM THE SEA COMPARED WID HIM!"



THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS. X.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHILE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

MR. GROVER CLEVELAND is a rising young man who is being especially helped along in his business career by Mr. Charles A. Dana and Judge Whitelaw Reid. Mr. Cleveland started in life barefooted and not a penny in the pockets of his swaddling-clothes, as many great men have done before him. It is not related that he ever drove mules on the tow-path or was a juvenile pickpocket. It is to be presumed that he did occasionally run away from school, but none of his political opponents have dared assert as much. When Mr. Cleveland was twenty-one years old he became of age. Later on he became Sheriff of the County of Erie and State of New York. As custodian of the prisoners of the county he took especial pains to see that his charges did not contract rheumatism or coughs and colds from being out too late at night. He also protected them from the annoyance of book-agents and peddlers. A few years later he became an employee of the City of Buffalo, and drew regular wages as Mayor of that corporation. One of his best jokes was made at that time. He remarked that public office was a public trust, and the city officials of Buffalo laughed at the jest until their sides split, and they found themselves politically dead. Then Mr. Cleveland was elected Governor of the State of New York, and made the acquaintance of Mr. David B. Hill. Mr. Hill is one of our best-known patriots, and Mr. Cleveland at once acquired a strong admiration for Mr. Hill's disinterested motives in dealing with public questions. Mr. Cleveland thought he knew a statesman and honest man when he saw one and fancied he could not be mistaken in his estimation of Mr. Hill. He wasn't.

The people of the State of New York grew tired of Mr. Cleveland's common-sense and honesty, and therefore



MR. GROVER CLEVELAND.
AT THE AGE OF THIRTY.

foisted him on the people of the United States as President. Although the subject of this sketch was born in New Jersey, he was elected President in spite of the constitutional provision that none but a native of the United States may hold that office. Mr. Cleveland tenaciously held on to the job for four years and then took a vacation.

Among the most important and best things that occurred to him during his first administration was a wife. To achieve the Presidency and matrimony almost simultaneously does not occur to many people, and Mr. Cleveland was correspondingly pleased. The people of the United States had hired one Benjamin Harrison to do Mr. Cleveland's work during his vacation, but Mr. Harrison piled up pensions so fast that the country has been hard up ever since and Mr. Cleveland was called back from his fishing to straighten out Mr. Harrison's mistakes. The job has been a hard one and the country is becoming impatient with Mr. Cleveland for not getting the work finished. This is particularly true with the advocates of silver.

FAME.

FAME is a fakir in the public street ;
Blocking the pavement with a gaping crowd ;
Playing clown's tricks to stay the passers' feet ;
Catching their ears with clamor harsh and loud.

While through the throng, with sad and downcast mien,
Elbow their way the poet and the sage,
Passing unmarked, unnoticed and unseen ;
Only the fakir interests the Age !

Harry Romaine.



SOME SPRING BOOKS.

THE books of the spring season are not usually of either great merit or abundance, the tradition of the book-trade being that the time when people buy books of serious import is the autumn, when they are fresh back to town and are planning their winter's campaign, which includes literary and reading clubs, as well as Christmas presents.

Of course in the spring one expects to see the publishers sprout forth their good short fiction, books on outdoor sports and travel, with something about Nature, which usually means birds, trees and wild flowers. The serial publication of the star novels of the year usually brings them out as books at the end of the magazine year in the autumn. There is no particular reason why a good book should not sell as well at one time as another—people read at all times, if they read at all. Neither is there any compelling reason why tops should appear in every boy's hands on a certain day in early spring and disappear just as suddenly and mysteriously—but they do just the same. There have been long years of evolution and adjustment back of all conventional occurrences that seem accidental—so that one may safely conclude



PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.
AS HE APPEARS ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE OF
A SATURDAY MORNING.



MISS BANTER'S FRIENDS WERE SURPRISED RECENTLY WHEN THEY SAW HER COMING, BUT —



IT WAS NOT AS THEY SUPPOSED.

that if a custom exists, there was a time when most people believed and found it to be the easiest and most convenient way of doing things.

All of which prologue merely leads up to saying that the books on one's table at Easter are apt not to take themselves too seriously, but are none the worse for that.

* * *

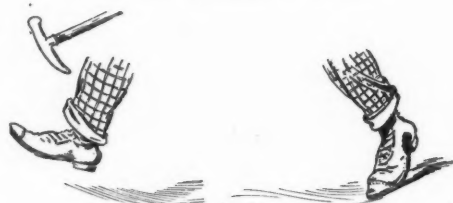
AMONG them, of greatest interest to a certain coterie, is the volume of George Meredith's *Lost Stories*—"The Tale of Chloe, and Others" (Ward, Lock & Co.) which, after seventeen years, are rescued from an old magazine. They were worth saving, particularly the title story, though they can add nothing to his reputation, and the second tale, "The House on the Beach," will, perhaps, even cool off some Meredith enthusiasts. There is not a character in it within the range of one's sympathies.

A long novel of unusual seriousness of purpose (a real winter book), is Harry P. Robinson's "Men Born Equal" (Harpers)—a study of social and labor conditions in Chicago—which was really written before the great strikes, but has the appearance of having been called into being by them. The story contains three characters—two men and a young woman—that are very well portrayed from the realist's stand-point. The author's position as the editor of a railway paper enables him to deal with social problems from full knowledge.

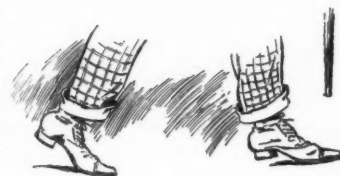
A book of unusual charm is "Letters of a Baritone" (Scribners), by Francis Walker. It records the experiences of a young American singer who goes to Italy to study his profession. It is filled with artistic sensibility and enthusiasm, but its chief charm is its perfect simplicity. There is a literary quality in all these letters which makes them delightful reading for the layman as well as the musician.

Magazine readers, in the past few years, have been favored with occasional short stories from an artist who was in the war and has the faculty of vividly recording his impressions with pen as well as pencil. Moreover, he has ingenuity in constructing plots. That is why people will be glad to get in book form William Henry Shelton's "A Man Without a Memory" (Scribners) and eight other tales. Several of the stories have an amusing element of farce-comedy in them.

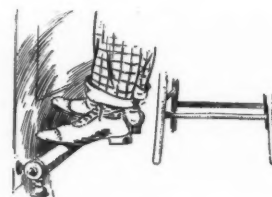
A DAY WITH CHOLLY'S FEET.



8 A. M.



1 P. M.



1.05 P. M.



1.30 P. M.

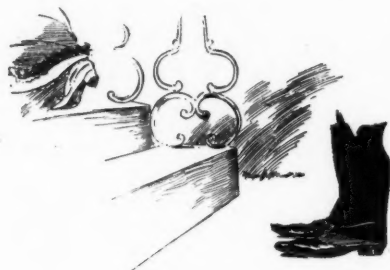
Droch.



8 P. M.



11 P. M.



12 P. M.



12.02 A. M.



1 A. M.



Two Sullivan's

"WHY DON'T YOU WORK? DON'T LIKE IT, I SUPPOSE."

"LIKE IT? WHY, BOSS, WORK WITH ME IS A PASSION, A VICE. THAT IS JUST THE TROUBLE. THE MOMENT I COMMENCE TO DO A LITTLE, I CANNOT LEAVE IT ALONE AND IT GROWS UPON ME LIKE DRINK, OPIUM, OR LAWN TENNIS. THAT IS WHY I HAVE TO MAKE AN EFFORT AND LEAVE IT ENTIRELY ALONE."

A CHEAT.

UNCLE PHILANDER (*standing before chewing gum slot machine*): This here thing's a cheat. I put my penny in all right, pushed the little bizness an' thet piece of gum come down inter sight, but here I've been watchin' an' waitin' half a hour an' the gol darn jigger hasn't begun to chew yet!

LORD RITTLES: It's well enough for you Americans to joke about us Englishmen never being able to appreciate one of your jokes. But I smile; for I can retaliate that I have never met an American who could understand one of ours.

PETERSBE (*thoughtfully*): You are right—you have us there!

SPENCER: What is there about that girl you consider so superior?
FERGUSON: She does not think that she is especially adapted to play the part of Trilby.







THE IMMORTAL.

WHEN Mr. George Du Maurier put on his intellectual togs and strolled down the crowded avenue of literature he could never possibly have anticipated the sensation he was about to create. He had a name and he wrote a book which he sold at a fairly good price. That it should be the remarkable production of a decade was something that neither he nor his publishers could have known in advance.

The idea of turning "Trilby" into a play was scouted as absurd by almost every one who had read the book. Now we can realize—the present writer among the rest—that it was because we fancied it was our own delicate perceptions that found so much that was true and real in the creations of the author. We thought that the types presented, were only realized in their true value, by those who had the experience to give them life through their own knowledge of Bohemian and other phases of existence.

Faulty as may be Mr. Du Maurier's drawings in certain technical points, they are distinct. These aid the reader to crystallized



TRILBY (MISS HARNED).

impressions of the characters. But there is no denying that his word pictures are also vivid and clearly drawn. Had we

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LITTLE BILLEE (MR. HICKMAN), SVENGALI (MR. LACKAYE), AND TAFFY (MR. MCINTOSH).

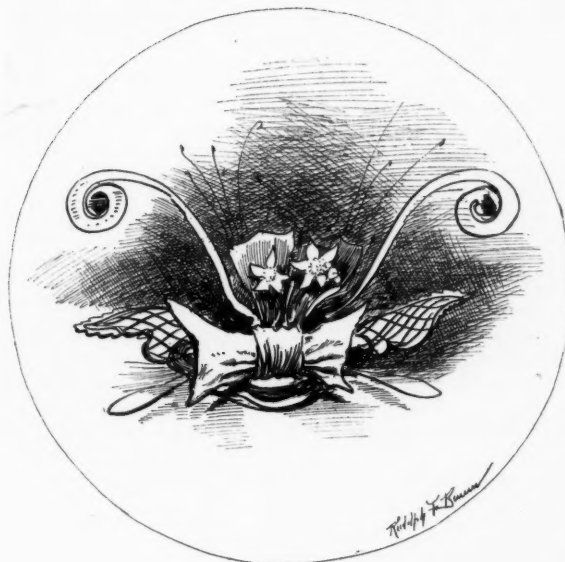
given more credit to the author and artist and less to our own belief in our individual preceptiveness, we could have understood better how easily "Trilby" would have lent itself to the uses of the dramatist.

The successful dramatization of "Trilby" is one of the highest tributes that Mr. Du Maurier could receive. Many a great novel has been dramatized, but none within recollection so successfully. No matter how well arranged by the playwright, no matter how well cast and produced, no story, brilliant as it might be, could furnish the inspiration of the present one, unless it was the work of a genius and its characters were so distinct, its pathos and humour so elementary and true, and its motive so simple that it could appeal to every nature.

With all credit to Du Maurier and the material he has furnished, it must be allowed to Mr. Paul Potter and Mr. Palmer's excellent company that they have done work which produces an absorbing, touching, and highly artistic *ensemble*. Mr. Potter has evidently absorbed the spirit of the book, and avoiding unnecessary exaggeration and distortion, given the author's work as good a stage exposition as one could conceive. He has taken liberties but few which were not absolutely required by stage possibilities. He has wisely cut those parts of the story which were more philosophical than dramatic. Mr. Potter is heartily to be applauded for the difficult task he has accomplished.



Professor Smith: I WONDER WHAT THIS BRILLIANT MICROSCOPIC OBJECT WITH WINGS AND ANTENNÆ CAN BE—LET ME EXAMINE IT UNDER THE MICROSCOPE—



"AH, IT IS MY ELDEST DAUGHTER'S NEW BONNET."

The cast of the piece is admirable, almost beyond belief. The excellencies are so many that it is difficult to discriminate, but there is no question that Mr. Lackaye's *Svengali* is the great triumph of the production. It is naturally a part that lends itself readily to the art of the character actor, but most character actors would have made of it a burlesque. Mr. Lackaye gives it a serious interest which is even more serious than that with which the author of the book surrounds it. His death scene is the most effective we have ever seen. His work has defects—but they are comparatively unimportant and could be pointed out only in a longer study than this. Miss Harned is far from shocking our ideal of *Trilby*, which is high praise, indeed. The *Zou Zou* of Mr. Dietrichstein is an excellent bit, as are the *Taffy* and *Laird* of Mr. McIntosh and Mr. Glendinning. The *Little Billee* of Mr. Hickman is disappointing, but largely because, even in the author's creation, he is almost an impossible character.



SVENGALI (MR. LACKAYE).

People who have never read the book would find the play an interesting one. Those who have read it, find their ideals of reading turned into flesh and blood. This is a unique experience and means great success for the play. But the basis of the whole remarkable career of "Trilby" is the elementary fact that its author took the simplest, most easily understood emotions of the human

mind and dealt with them as only a genius could.

Again, we say that this highly successful dramatization is the highest tribute to its intrinsic greatness that the book could have unless its pictured characters could step out into real life and walk and talk with us.

Metcalfe.

HIS CULINARY AMBITION.

"I FEEL that I could live on love,"
The sentimental maiden sighed.
"Do let me be your caterer,"
The gallant youth replied.



A NEAT TURN OUT.



ALL stenographers are timid, but these three head the procession. They are employed in an office on Main Street, and the other afternoon they were left in the office alone. They were each chewing lustily on a piece of "Kiss-me" gum when the door opened and with the snow that blew in came a low-sized peddler with a large-sized beard.

He started to say "Gentlemen," but his eyes resting that moment on the typewriter sisters, he stopped short.

"Holy Moses, all ladies! Guess I'm in the wrong place."

"No, this is the place," said one of the trio. "What did you want?"

"Ladies, I'm selling pants stretchers."

Now they are trying to put the blame on the peddler.—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

BRONCHO BILL: I was talkin' with an Eastern man today, and he says when two fellows in his section have a dispute they just go to law and sue each other for damages or somethin'.

HAIR TRIGGER IKE: But how about the loser? Don't he get a gun and try to get even?

BRONCHO BILL: Waal, as near as I kin make out, by the time the loser hez paid the lawyers he ain't got no money to buy guns.—*New York Weekly*.

"BUT didn't you tell me you were an Episcopalian?" I asked in astonishment.

"Oh, yes," said the old man; "I'll tell ye how it is. Last spring I went down to New Orleans visitin', and while I was there I went ter church, and it happened to be an Episcopalian one, and among other things I heard 'em say that they'd left undone them things they'd oughter done and done them things they hadn't oughter done; and I said to myself, 'That's just my fix too,' and since then I've always considered myself an Episcopalian."

"Well," said I, as I shook the old man's hand, "if your ideas of an Episcopalian are correct, we are the largest denomination in the world."—*Exchange*.

"THE bloomer dress," says a Western humorist, "is a pair of trousers very baggy at the knees, abnormally full at the pistol pockets and considerably full where you strike a match. The garment is cut décolleté at the south end, and the bottoms tied around the ankles or knees to keep the mice out. You can't put it over your head like you do your shirt nor around you like a corset, but you must sit on the floor and pull it on just as you do your stockings, one foot at a time in each compartment. You can easily tell the right side to have in front by the buttons on the neckband."—*Exchange*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

THE CRUSADES. By T. A. Archer and Charles L. Kingsford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. London: F. Fisher Unwin.

French Folly in Maxims of Philosophy, Art and Letters. Translated and edited by Henri Pène du Bois. New York, Chicago, Washington, Paris: Brentano's.

The Wind in the Clearing and Other Poems. By Robert Cameron Rogers. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Indiscretion of the Duchess. By Anthony Hope. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Life and Adventures of John Gladwyn Jebb. By his widow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Ralstons. By Marion Crawford. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

Slum Stories of London. By Henry W. Nevinnson. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Ronbar. By R. S. Dement. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

The Currency and the Banking Law of Canada. By William C. Cornwell. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Little Eyolf. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. Chicago: Stone and Kimball.

The Alphabet and Language, etc. Three Essays by Thomas Magee. San Francisco:

Out of Wedlock. By Albert Ross. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

A Title—Rejected. By Octavia Cloreston. New York: G. W. Dillingham.

Garden and Forest. Vol. VII. Conducted by Charles S. Sargent. New York: The Garden and Forest Publishing Company.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C. 4, England, Agents.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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No other soap is found in so many homes.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CHICAGO.



Many bicycle makers are "Groping in the Dark."

They reduce the weight of the wheels at random—and weaken them at vital points.

The weight of a Victor is reduced by science.

Every change depends upon the record of the Dynamometer.*

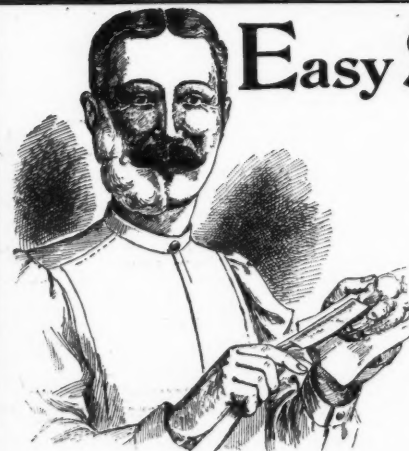
Others guess—We know—that the Victor is the lightest and easiest running bicycle on the market.

*This wonderful machine is the only device in the world by which the power used to run a bicycle can be accurately measured.

We invented it and use it exclusively to perfect Victor Bicycles.

OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON. NEW YORK. DETROIT. DENVER.
PACIFIC COAST: SAN FRANCISCO. LOS ANGELES. PORTLAND.



Easy Shaving

can only be accomplished when the beard is SOFT.

Nothing softens the beard like the application of the rich—creamy lather produced by

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP.

WILLIAMS' Shaving Sticks and Tablets sold everywhere.

BREWSTER & CO., (OF BROOME ST.)

Broadway, 47th to 48th Streets.

(Only place of business.)

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The acknowledged standard for form and quality.

Four-horse Traps and Road Coaches a specialty.

Armour's

Extract of BEEF

Used by all good cooks. Send address for Cook Book.
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"La Marquise"

DESIGN PATENTED.

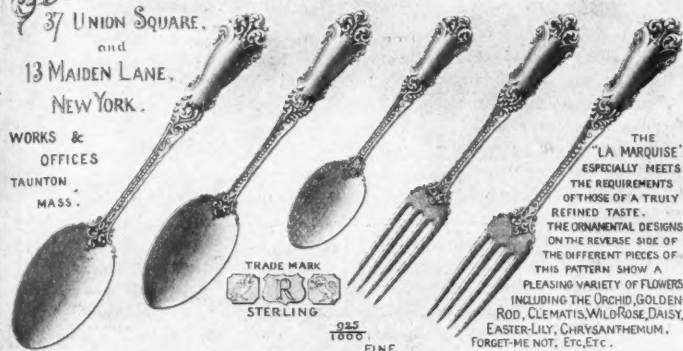
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NEW YORK.

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A COMPLETE VARIETY OF FANCY PIECES IS MADE IN THIS PATTERN,
NUMBERING OVER ONE HUNDRED, AND EMBRACING THE LATEST IDEAS
IN SILVER SERVICE.

OUR GOODS SOLD BY THE LEADING JEWELERS.



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THE
"LA MARQUISE"
ESPECIALLY MEETS
THE REQUIREMENTS
OF THOSE OF A TRULY
REFINED TASTE.
THE ORNAMENTAL DESIGNS
ON THE REVERSE SIDE OF
THE DIFFERENT PIECES OF
THIS PATTERN SHOW A
PLEASANT VARIETY OF FLOWERS,
INCLUDING THE ORCHID, GOLDEN-
ROD, CLEMATIS, WILD ROSE, DAISY,
EASTER-LILY, CHRYSANTHEMUM,
FORGET-ME-NOT, ETC., ETC.



Produced by the French or
natural process of fermentation in bottle.
Highest award at Columbian Exposition.

If you cannot obtain it of your dealer, order direct of
THE HAMMONDSPORT WINE CO.,

HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y.

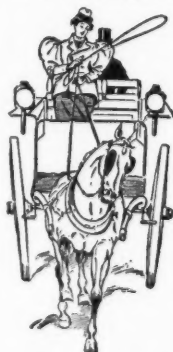


THE MORNING AFTER THE AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Distinguished Amateur: I MUST HAVE TUMBLED OUT OF BED DURING THE NIGHT.
I WONDER IF ANY OF THE FOLKS HEARD ME?

Deutsch & Co
Costumers.

our Trade Mark guarantees
Correct Style & Perfect Fit
39 & 41 W. 23rd St.



SPRING

Driving Coats, Riding Habits, Travel-
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Suits, Ladies' Percal & Silk Shirt
Waists, Dinner, Reception & Even-
ing Gowns, Theatre Capes, Carriage
Wraps & Collarettes, Paris Hats,
Bonnets & Toques.

WEDDING TROUSSEAU
AT MODERATE PRICES A SPECIALTY.

"Do you believe man is made out of dust,
Mr. Snip?"

"Not all of them," said the tailor. "Dust
always settles, and I know men who do not."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

At a young ladies' seminary during an ex-
amination in history, one of the pupils was
interrogated thus:

"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural
death?"

"No," was the reply, "he was excom-
municated by a bull."—*Christian Register.*

**THE PLAGUE IN OLD
LONDON.**

A CURIOUS legend connected with the
origin and course of this terrible pesti-
lence was narrated by an eminent historian
in an address recently delivered before a
scientific audience. He quoted medical
authorities of that time who affirmed that
"not only soap boilers and vendors, but all
the washerwomen and all they whose busi-
ness it was to use soap—nay, they who only
wore shirts washed with soap—presently
died of the Plague." This sounds oddly
enough in our day and generation, indoctrin-
ated as we are in belief that the omni-
present microbe is the root of all evil, and
that he ever goeth about in search of some
bit of broken surface of our skins wherein to
plant himself and his rapidly growing family.
As for ourselves, we shall still confide in
"Listerism" and Soap, and while there is a
bit of Blondeau's "Vinolia" Soap in our
locker we do not feel it necessary to add to
our insurance policies.—*Medical Exchange.*

Price 15c., 20c., 25c. and 35c. per tablet.

Of all leading Druggists, or
direct from the Sole Agents in United States,

C. N. CRITTENTON CO.,

115 Fulton St., New York.

Avoid Nervous Prostration
By taking **Bromo-Seltzer**

Thomas Beecham, the manufacturer of the
world-famed Beecham's Pill, is always in the
front rank of progress. He foresees what is
wanted and comes in on the "crest of the wave"
of popular demand. Now he is putting up these
pills in a neat, little wooden bottle, (ten cents
each) just the thing for the vest pocket. In fact
he couldn't hit on a more convenient or more
needed package for the traveler, or the busy
man in office or workshop.

Beecham seems to study the interest of his
customers both physically and financially and
the ten cent package of this sterling remedy for
constipation and biliousness and kindred com-
plaints is an earnest of his desire to supply
their every need.

We predict an enormous sale of this 10c. pack-
age of Beecham's Pills, perhaps even greater
than the regular 25c. size, although the latter
contains more pills proportionately, and is,
therefore, cheaper for those who have proved
their merits. All druggists are now supplied
with both sizes. Write to The B. F. Allen Co.,
365 Canal Street, New York, for the book on
Beecham's Pills.

Back numbers of LIFE can be had
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Vol. I., bound, \$30.00. Vols. II., VIII.,
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\$5.00 each. Back numbers, one year
old, 25 cents per copy.

Subscribers wishing address changed
will greatly facilitate matters by send-
ing old address as well as new.

TAKEN FROM THE ENEMY.

It would be a pleasant thing if all people who are plagued with short memories had the ready tact by which the composer Rossini once turned his own defect into a graceful compliment.

He met at a dinner one evening Bishop, the famous English song-writer, to whom he had been introduced on a previous occasion, and to whom he had taken an instant liking.

Good evening, Mr. —," began Rossini, cordially, extending his hand; but the name of his English acquaintance had basely deserted him for the moment.

There was scarcely a perceptible hesitation on his part, however, for instantly he began to whistle softly the opening bars of Bishop's glee, "When the wind blows."

The face of the "English Mozart," as Bishop was often called, lighted up with a smile of gratification, and Rossini's failure to recall his name was instantly forgiven in the recognition of his pretty compliment.—*Youth's Companion*.

It is sometimes better to permit public servants to have their own way than to go through life with a theory that every such person is a public enemy. The Chicago News tells a story of a young woman who entered a railway train with a poodle clasped tenderly in her arms.

"Madam," said the conductor, as he punched her ticket, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car. It's against the rules."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will not disturb any one."

"That makes no difference," said the conductor. "I couldn't allow my own dog here. Dogs must ride in the baggage-car. I'll fasten him all right for you—"

"Don't you touch my dog, sir!" said the young woman, excitedly. "I will trust him to no one!" And, with indignant tread, she marched to the baggage car, tied her dog, and returned. About fifty miles further on, when the conductor came along again, she asked him, "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?"

"I am very sorry," said the conductor, politely; "but you tied him to a trunk, and he was thrown off with it at the last station."—*Interior*.

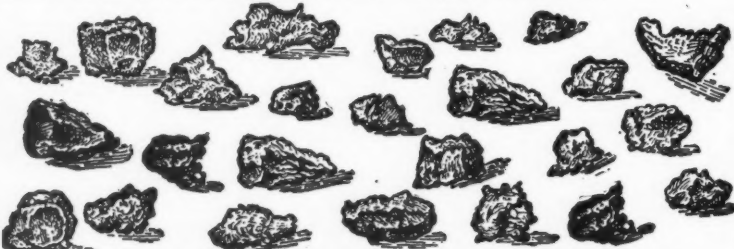
SOME Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honor," when one of them, a Marseillais, declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful feat that a duelist had ever met. "How was it?" asked everybody. "I was at a hotel, and I chanced to insult a total stranger. It turned out that he was a fencing-master, 'One or the other of us,' he declared, in fearful wrath, 'will not go out of this room alive!' 'So let it be!' I shouted in response; and then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me, and left him there to die!"—*Argonaut*.

At a sale of animals from Barnum's hippodrome in Bridgeport a tiger was being offered. The highest bid was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. Barnum, who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding, then went up to him and said, "Pardon me for asking the question, but will you tell me where you are from?" "Down South a bit," responded the man. "Are you connected with any show?" "No." "And are you buying this animal for yourself?" "Yes." Barnum shifted about for a few moments, looking alternately at the man and the tiger, evidently trying his best to reconcile the two together. "Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those here who will take it off your hands." "I don't want to sell," was the quiet reply. Then Barnum said in his desperation, "What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast if you have no show of your own, and are not buying for some one who is a showman?" "Well I'll tell you," said the purchaser. "My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for ten years, and—and I miss her." He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added—"So I've bought this tiger." "I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice, as he turned away to hide his emotion.—*Family Library*.

BUFFALO LITHIA WATER Spring No. 2. A SOLVENT FOR STONE IN THE BLADDER.

Dr. B. J. Weistling, of Middletown, Pa., states:

"Experience in its use in Stone in the Bladder, in my own person, enables me to attest the efficacy of the **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in this painful malady. After every of the intensity of which cannot be described, I have, under the influence of the water, passed an ounce of Calculi (Uric Acid), some of which weighed as much as four grains, affording inexpressible relief and leaving me in a condition of comparative ease and comfort. "On one occasion I passed thirty-five Calculi in forty-eight hours. The appearance of this Calculus Nuclei indicates unmistakably, I think, that they were all component particles of one large Calculus, destroyed by the action of the water, by means of solution and disintegration. At my advanced period of life (I am seventy-seven years and six months of age), and in my feeble general health, a surgical operation was not to be thought of, and the water seems to have accomplished all that such an operation, if successful, could have done."



The above plate is from a photograph, and represents the exact size and shape of some of the Calculi passed by Dr. Weistling.

This Water is for sale by druggists generally, or in cases of one dozen half-gallon bottles \$5.00 f.o.b. at the Springs. Descriptive pamphlets sent to any address.

THOMAS F. GOODE, Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

Springs open for guests from June 15th to October 1st.

The only awarded at the Paris Exhibition 1889.

VELOUTINE

SPECIAL, HYGIENIC, ADHERENT & INVISIBLE.
TOILET POWDER — CH. FAY, Inventor

9, Rue de la Paix, Paris.—Caution. None Genuine but those bearing the word "FRANCE" and the signature CH. FAY.



Fit, Style,
Comfort,
Durability.

One Million Men are Wearing Them.

WHAT?

Karl's
\$3 Shoes.

"ROB ROY."

Send for Catalogue.

Latest Shape, Extension Sole.

KARL'S

Dept. A, 125 & 127 Nassau St., New York.

ASK FOR THIS BRAND.



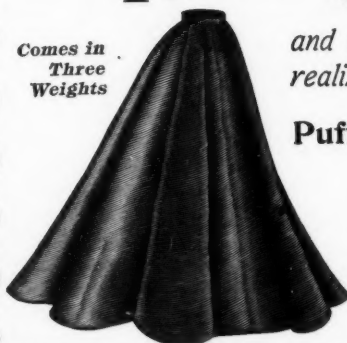
Absolutely pure. Unequaled for all persons with a delicate and tender skin.
MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U. S. Agts.

You desire to be Stylish
We will tell you How—

*Interline the Puffed Sleeves
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Via the New York Central, The
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Connecting the east and west,
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Practically a train every hour, via

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OUR
AMERICAN HOMES
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HOW TO FURNISH
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HORNER'S FURNITURE

Reasons why you should buy it in
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(1). Because this firm have long enjoyed the
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Parlor, Drawing Room, Library and Hall Furni-
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Maple and Bamboo Furniture—Restful Easy
Chairs and Settees—Smoking and Billiard Room
Furniture—Everything for city or country
homes—Eight spacious floors—All prices in
plain figures.

THE

“Kayser”

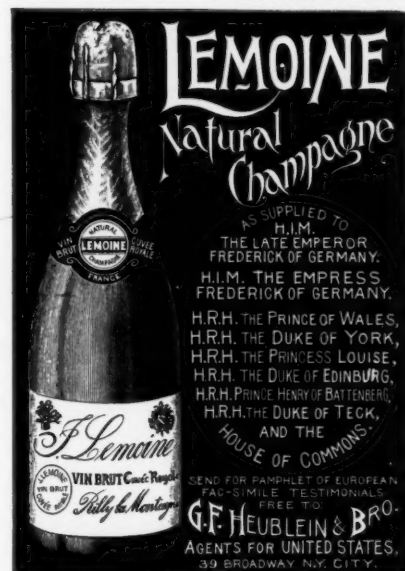
Patent
Finger-
Tipped
Gloves



are

The kind that DON'T wear out.

A “GUARANTEE” in every pair.
ALL DRY GOODS STORES SELL THEM.

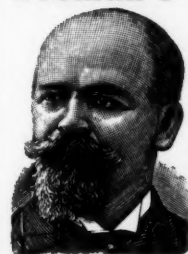


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Champagne

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AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES.
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And a Delicious Remedy for
Indigestion and Sea Sickness.
Send 5c. for sample package.
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BERGDORF & VOIGT,

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THE BABIES' STRIKE.

Master Toodles (addresses the meeting): BOO—HOO! I DON'T SEE THE GOOD O' MOTHERS, TH—TH—THEY KEEP ON SP—SP—SPANKING AWAY, AND DON'T DO ANY GOOD, ANYWAY.

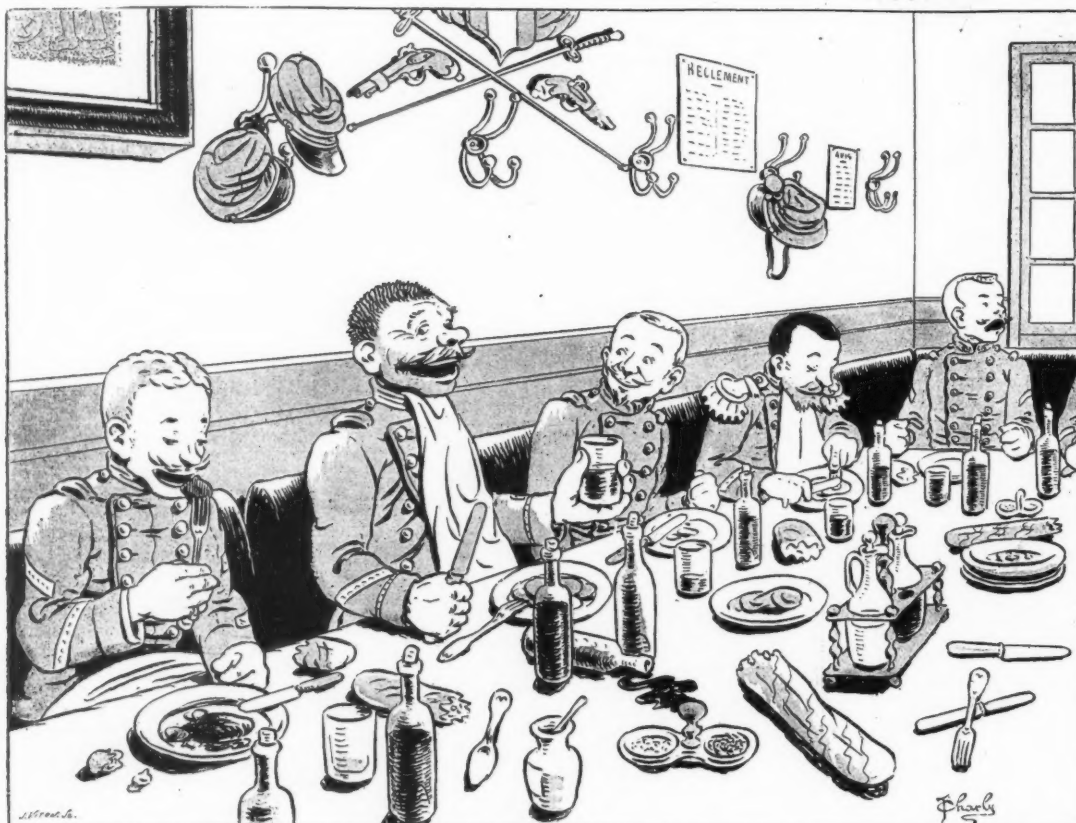


From Pall Mall Budget.

Salvation Lass (to young man who has been paying great attention to the speakers): ARE YOU SAVED?

Young Man: NO, I'M A REPORTER.

Salvation Lass: OH, I BEG YOUR PARDON!



From La Caricature.

"WELL, NOW, WHEN I HAD THE TYPHOID FEVER IT WAS SO BAD THE DOCTOR SAID, 'HE WILL DIE OF IT OR REMAIN AN IDIOT.' AND LOOK AT ME! I DIDN'T DIE, AND I AM A SERGEANT."